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EDITOR JOHN OLIVER

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The versatile land-or-sea coat on the cover is in camel and wool, braid-edged, reversing to white wool; the button-in hood reverses, too, and so does the wrapped skirt. Coat 35 gns., skirt 11½ gns., hood 5½ gns., scarlet wool sweater 5½ gns., all at Wetherall, Regent Street and New Bond Street. Photographed by Richard Dormer on board the Cunard liner, *Queen Mary*, during her 918th transatlantic run. Tony Evans records a ski-ing holiday at St. Moritz on page 544 and Robin Fedden investigates the problem of overcrowding at winter sports resorts in Too Many People on the Snow, page 542

Postage: Inland, 7d. Foreign, 6½d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. Subscription rates: Great Britain and Eire: 52 issues plus Christmas number, £8 6s.; 26 issues plus Christmas number, £4 6s.; without Christmas number, £4; 13 issues (no extras), £2. Canada: 52 issues plus Christmas number, £8 10s.; 26 issues plus Christmas number, £4 7s.; without Christmas number, £4 3s.; 13 issues (no extras), £2 1s. 6d. Elsewhere abroad: 52 issues plus Christmas number, £8 10s.; 26 issues plus Christmas number, £4 7s.; without Christmas number, £4 3s.; 13 issues (no extras), £2 1s. 6d. U.S.A. (residents): 52 issues plus Christmas number, \$24.00; 26 issues plus Christmas number, \$12.50; without, \$12.00; 13 issues (no extras), \$6.00. Please send orders for subscriptions, and changes of address, to Subscription Dept., 258 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1. (TERminus 3311.) © 1965 Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., Elm House, 10-16 Elm Street, London W.C.1 (TERminus 1234)



GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Commonwealth Arts Festival, to 2 October. (Details, London, WHI 5943-6; Cardiff 31033; Glasgow, Bell 1011; Liverpool, Maritime 2321.)

Gallipoli Ball, Gatwick Manor, 30 September, in aid of the Florence Nightingale Hospital, Istanbul. (Tickets, £5 5s., from Miss Murphy, GUL 4352.)

Lachasse Dress Show, Somerhill, near Tonbridge, 2.30 & 7 p.m., 2 October, in aid of S.S.A.F.A. (Tickets, £2 2s., from Lady Denning, Delmonden Grange, Hawkhurst, Kent. Hawkhurst 2286.)

Army-One-Day Trials, Tweseldown, near Aldershot, 2 October.

Horse of the Year Show, Wembley, 4-9 October.

Royal Gala Night, Horse of the Year Show, Empire Pool, Wembley, 4 October, in aid of the Soldiers, Sailors' & Airmen's Families Association,

and Variety Club Children's Charities. (Tickets, 5s. to £2, WEM 1234.)

Fashion Luncheon, Hyde Park Hotel, 14 October, in aid of the British Empire Cancer Campaign. (Tickets, £3 3s., BEL 4025.)

Million Dollar Lunch, the Dorchester, 20 October, in aid of the United Nations Association. (Tickets, £5 5s. from the Hon. Mrs. Vere Harmsworth, 93 Albert Embankment, S.E.1.)

Puckeridge Hunt Ball, Fanhams Hall, near Ware, 22 October.

Trafalgar Fair, Chelsea Town Hall, 26 October, in aid of the British Sailors' Society.

Red Cross Ball, Grosvenor House, 2 November. (Tickets, £3 3s., BEL 7131.)

Park Lane Fair, Piccadilly Hotel, 16 November, in aid of the Forces Help Society & Lord Roberts Workshops. (Details, BRU 6563.)

Winter Ball, Royal Garden Hotel, 16 November, for the Invalid Children's Aid Association. (Tickets, £5 5s., KNI 8222.)

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Windsor, today; Pontefract, today & 23; Ascot Heath, 23-25; Hamilton, 25; Catterick Bridge, 25; Wolverhampton, Hamilton (Royal Caledonian Hunt Meeting), 27; Alexandra Park, 28; Newmarket, 29 September. **Steeplechasing**: Fakenham, today; Scone (Perth Hunt Meeting), today & 23; Warwick, Market Rasen, Hexham, Bangor, 25; Folkestone, Hexham, 27; Plumpton, 29; Wincanton, Uttoxeter, 30 September.

GOLF

British Ladies Open Championship, St. Andrews, 29 Sept.-2 Oct. **Home Internationals**, Royal Portrush, Co. Antrim, 29 September-1 October.

CROQUET

Devonshire Park Tournament, Eastbourne, 27 September-9 October.

SAILING

National Shearwater Catamaran Weekend, Folkestone, 25, 26 September.

MUSICAL

Sadler's Wells Opera. *Così fan Tutte*, 7.30 p.m. tonight, 25, 30 September; *Carmen*, 7 p.m., 23 September, 1 October; *Fidelio*, 7.30 p.m., 24, 29 September, 2 October; *The Barber of Seville*, 7.30 p.m., 28 September. (TER 1672/3.)

Royal Festival Hall. Commonwealth Arts Festival concerts to 2 October, including the Sydney, Toronto, London and B.B.C. Symphony Orchestras; Caribbean Carnival; Music of the Continents; Popu-

lar Music of the Commonwealth, &c. (WAT 3191.)

Claydon Concert, Claydon House, Bucks. Yonty Solomon (piano) & Allegri String Quartet, 6.30 p.m., 3 October. (PRI 7142.)

ART

Eric Waugh, oil paintings; **Gertrude Hermes**, prints. Ashgate Gallery, Farnham, to 30 September.

Josef Albers, "Homage to the Square," Gimpel Fils, S. Molton St., to 2 October.

FIRST NIGHTS

Strand. *Too True To Be Good*, tonight.

Cambridge. *A Month In The Country*, 23 September.

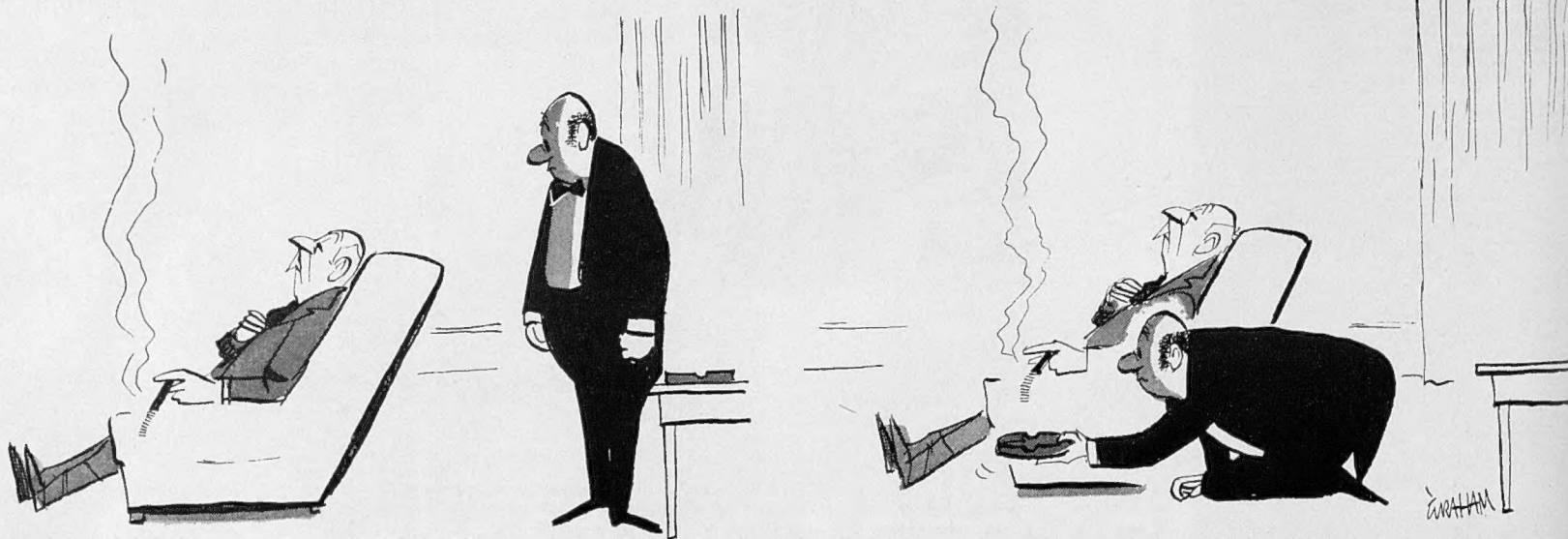
Globe. *At The Drop Of Another Hat*, 29 September.

Mermaid. *Fanny's First Play*, 29 September.



Mr. Angus McDonald, a hotelier at Bridge of Orchy, Argyllshire, with a model dhow and an ebony chest ornamented with beaten copper and embossed leather. They are reminders of his service in the Middle East when he was adviser to the ruler of Kuwait. The chest, made by Arab sailors while becalmed in their dhows, was bought for £9 and is now valued at over £200

BRIGGS by Graham



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GOING PLACES

The end of September signs off the compulsion to do nothing more with Greece than lie about on the shores of her islands; and, considering our pitiable northern summers, one can hardly blame people who doze three weeks away on nothing more than sunshine, retsina and sand. Except, possibly, that they have come rather a long way to do so. But the horizons that have been a heat haze of white are clarified anew by the air of October. This is the time for the Argolid, for Olympia and Delphi. And the right season in which to make the classical tour at leisure; to make a few days' base at each point, and to intersperse your sightseeing with some noonday beach-lying and swimming.

One can drive along the new highway from Athens to Corinth and on to Nauplia in time for lunch, including a visit—brief, admittedly—to ancient Corinth and Mycenae on the way. This I knew, but never till recently had I explored the coast of which Nauplia is the chief port. Tolon, an embryo summer resort about 20 minutes' drive away, is a picturesque fishing village full of Turkish-type houses with red tiled roofs. A handful of tavernas offer taramasalata, freshly caught fish, kebabs, melons and peaches. There is a small sand beach on the doorstep, and a superbly clear pebbled one nearby. Campers (often the most perceptive of tourists) have discovered Tolon; so have

a few people who rent houses and rooms there.

But for the uninitiated out of season visitor perhaps the most satisfactory base is the Xenia hotel in Nauplia itself, high on the ridge overshadowed by the old Venetian fortress. Comfortable bedrooms, open terrace bar and restaurant all overlook the beach, a plumb drop below. And the town itself, original capital of Greece after the war of independence in 1823, is full of charming Venetian houses, all set about on flowered terraces.

Sparta, that city of Laconites and iron discipline, was never one for pleasure or beauty, as was Corinth. But the Abbé Fournant, sent by Louis XV to copy inscriptions, was so inflamed by missionary zeal that he destroyed everything pagan—whether Greek or Roman—that he could lay hands on. Thus there is very little to see in Sparta, though many people make the diversion to visit the nearby monasteries of Mistra, doubling back to Tripolis to reach Olympia.

Imbued with much the same spirit as the Abbé, the Byzantine Emperor Theodosius combined with a couple of earthquakes and a flood to destroy Olympia, whose broken columns, lying in a bowl of hills among olives and cypresses, are all that remain of this cult of body, mind and oracle. Even the spectators of the games were screened for good behaviour in this most ancient of royal enclosures: history and legend combine



ABROAD

easily may, there is a passable hotel at Xylokastron, the Apion.

Delphi is, for the same reasons as Olympia, a place to linger in—not alone, but not with a coach load either. As in other classical sites whose every stone is revered, one treasures the irrelevant stories such as that of Aesop, of fable fame, who was tipped to his death from the precipice above Apollo's temple for making fun of the sacred oracle. But the sight of the mountains that encircle this navel of the world; and of the eagles, cruising in aerial ballet over the low estuary of olives, indistinguishable at a distance from the sea—these have a grandeur which is silencing.

The combination of site and setting has evolved Delphi into a small mountain resort, beloved by weekend Athenians who set not a foot among the ruins. Several hotels have been built over the past few years. But the original Delphi hotel, now like Olympia's Spap under the same ownership as the Athenee Palace in Athens, is way out ahead in comfort, service, décor and food: no-nonsense Martinis, sizzling-fresh kebabs, peaches served on cracked ice; and comfortable, well decorated studio bedrooms with balconies which overlook the olive groves.

BEA's direct Comet flights to Athens (every day except Sunday) take only 3½ hours, cost from £85 8s. return. Night flights (Monday, Thursday and Saturday) rate from £76 8s.

almost indivisibly, but a particularly well documented museum on the site helps to animate the bare bones of what is left. Not that the bones, bare or otherwise, matter: it is hardly difficult to see, in Olympia, the reason why the ancient gods left Mount Olympus for this, the place they considered to be the most beautiful on earth; and the first light of day—or, better, the moon—still evokes something of their own pagan morality.

The country around Olympia, some of the most lovely on the entire Greek mainland, is for spending time in. And the Spap hotel, set on the edge of the site in gardens full of phlox and tobacco plant, roses and geraniums, is among the most pleasant in Greece.

Motoring north from Olympia to cross over on the car ferry from the port of Aigion to Delphi, bear in mind some wonderful beaches about 15 kilometres to the east, along the main coastal highway to Corinth. Steeply pebbled, but with a sanded ocean bed, the sea and sky there create such an expanse of luminosity that everything dissolves in a glacial, platinum haze, with the spurs of Mount Olympus dark violet on the horizon over the water. If you get hooked on all this, as you



The Erechtheum in Athens



The temple of Apollo

John Baker White / Coffee in Soho

GOING PLACES TO EAT

C.S. . . . Closed Sundays.

W.B. . . . Wise to book a table.

Kenco Coffee House, Old Compton Street, Charing Cross Road end. Coffee houses come and go, but Kenco continue to flourish and expand, this being one of their more recently opened houses. They fulfil the need of those who do not want a lot to eat, and do not want to spend too much money. This one, for example, is well placed for housewives on a shopping spree in Soho, or anyone who wants something not too elaborate before the theatre or cinema. It is not licensed, but Kenco coffee is always good, and here they have it iced as well. Incidentally, if you like iced coffee Kenco have an aerosol pack at 5s. 11d. All you do is to inject the required amount of coffee into the iced milk and top up with cream. First courses here cost from 1s. 6d. to 4s. 6d., specialities of the house 3s. 9d. to 6s. 6d. while patisserie starts at 1s. 3d.

The Trident, Lyons Corner House, Strand. (WHI 7373.) Open 12-3 p.m. and 5.30-11.30 p.m., 11 p.m. Sundays. Whether you are travelling from Charing Cross, going to a show, or just looking for a decent meal at a far from excessive price, this fish restaurant is one to remember. It is modern in decor, and the service is up to the high Lyons standard. There is a short, sensible wine list marked by its modest prices. The sauces are much better than those in some much more expensive establishments. Your main course, almost a meal in itself, will cost you about 12s. 6d., but there are plenty of dishes to be obtained below that price.

Safari in Sussex

When they were in Dorset, Colvin and Mary Meik achieved a considerable reputation for serving exotic and unusual dishes. They are now enhancing it at the Safari Room, 15 Western Street, Brighton. Telephone 772005. Heart of Palm salad (2s. 9d.), French Fried Scallops (6s. 6d.), chicken done in the fashion of Hawaii or Bali (8s.), Texas style steak (9s.) and figs in wine (3s. 6d.), are among the items on the menu I looked at, which is changed three times a week. The aim is to offer on it a limited choice of out-of-the-ordinary dishes. Should wife or

girl be in a pet, you can placate them with a silver-plated steak for 12s. 6d. or gold-plated for an extra half-crown. NB. Closed on Wednesdays.

In Laigmynd country

Recently the National Trust acquired the lovely stretch of open country that lies to the west of the Shrewsbury/Church Stretton/Craven Arms A.49 road. On the other side of it, just off the Shrewsbury/Pontesbury road A.488, and close to one of the gateways on to the Mynd is the **Horse Shoe Inn**, at Bridges, near Ratlinghope. For a number of reasons I shall remember my visit to it. The pleasant old house, the warm welcome of the host Mr. R. G. Wigzell, and the well kept beer. The pretty and spotlessly clean miniature dining room is presided over by the smiling Mrs. Wigzell, who does most of the cooking. It is first class too, and our party had nothing but praise for the vegetable soup, large and tender steak, and sherry trifle. And the bill, drinks included, was a few pence over £1 per head. There is a useful wine list and again the prices are most reasonable. W.B.

Wine notes: Portuguese find

Naturally-sparkling rosé wines from Portugal have achieved a remarkable popularity in Britain in recent years. Among them is one I drank in Lisbon last year and which took my fancy when I tried it again recently in London. It is Rosé Tojal, and comes from the Bairranda region north of Coimbra, where it is made by the Messias family. At 11s. 9d. per bottle the price in these hard days is highly competitive.

Wine on test

This story had better be told before the disputation over the use of the word sherry reaches the courts—if it ever does. Three friends were coming to dinner, all of whom are sound judges of wine. We knew one another well enough to praise or criticize what we set before one another. I decanted this wine, chilled it, and served with a chicken soup. All praised it

as a wine of interest and quality. It was Australian. Hamilton's Pale Fino Private Bin from their Ewell vineyards, is Australian-bottled, and costs 15s. 6d. The Australian Wine Centre at 25 Frith Street, Soho, keep it. I repeated the experiment with two other friends and another wine, to get the same reaction. This time the wine was South African; J. H. & J. Brooke's selection Pale Dry Spruitjie at 15s. per bottle.

. . . and a reminder

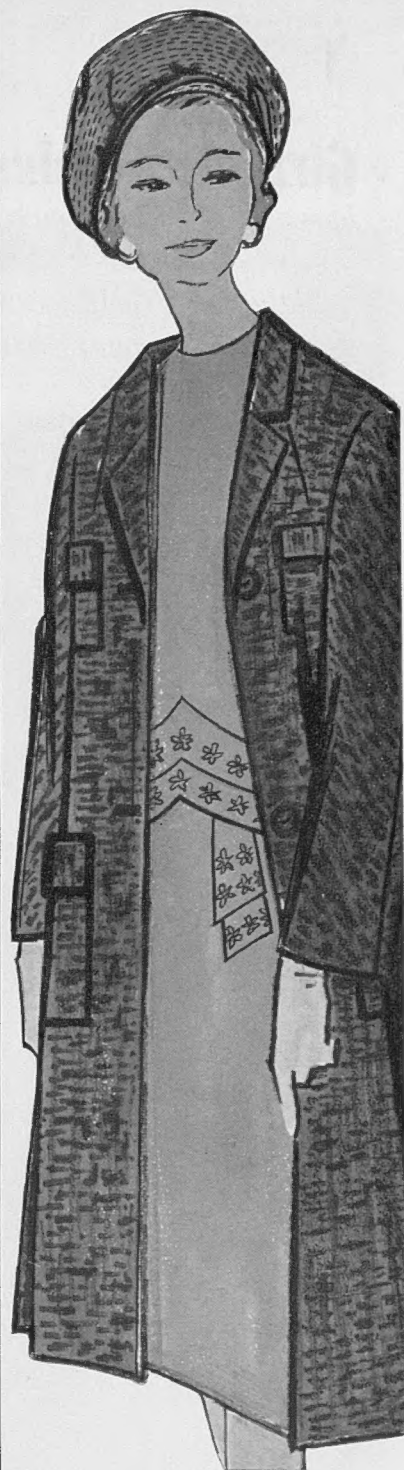
The Royal Garden Hotel, Kensington. Garden Room Restaurant. Food of high quality, likely to attract particular diners-out. The Royal Roof open from 6 p.m. to 2 a.m. will have dancing and a great deal of thought has been put into the wine list. The Maze Coffee House will be open all day and all night. **Lowenbrau Beer Keller**, 10 Soho Street, out of the north side of Soho Square. The place to remember if you are partial to one of Germany's best beers on draught. Hot and cold snacks at the bar, and under the same management a Greek restaurant upstairs.

Gattopardo, 29a James Street, out of Oxford Street near Selfridges. (WEL 4689.)

Luncheon, dinner, supper and dancing from 11 p.m. to 3 a.m. Not yet another trattoria but a specialist Italian restaurant of quality in food and decor.

Chez Solange, 35 Cranbourn Street, Leicester Square. (TEM 0542.) The fine dishes of provincial France, allied to a remarkable wine list, a most cordial welcome, genuine atmosphere and a not too large bill. Orders to midnight. Licensed to 1 a.m.

The Alcove, 17 High Street, Kensington. (WES 1443.) If the lady of your affections appreciates a frame that makes her look her best, and enjoys good food as well, this is the place to take her. Prices are reasonable. A short walk from the Albert Hall, a step from Kensington Gardens. **Chelsea Room**, Carlton Tower. (BEL 5411.) Brunch, first-class value for 30s. including non-alcoholic drinks, is the feature of Sunday lunchtime.



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THE CENTRE OF ATTRACTION

The Hon. Diana Colville was the centre of attraction at the dance given for her by her parents, Lord & Lady Clydesmuir, at Braidwood House, Braidwood, Lanarkshire, the home of Lord Clydesmuir's mother, Agnes Lady Clydesmuir. The guests, including debutantes from Scotland and the south, were received in Braidwood House and went on to a marquee set up in the grounds, where Cam Robbie and his band played for dancing. Another large marquee housed a night club where a beat group played into the early hours. More pictures by Van Hallan overleaf. Muriel Bowen's column is on page 531

**The hosts: Lady Clydesmuir, Agnes
Lady Clydesmuir, and her son Lord
Clydesmuir**



**Mr. Ian Thomson and Miss
Christina Denham**



Miss Valerie Fyfe and Mr. Ian Ivory



**Miss Marcia Leask and Mr. Michael
Simpson**



**Miss Susan Marshall dances an
eightsome reel**

Boom-time on the Riviera

by Muriel Bowen

Bigger crowds and prices have been no deterrent to Riviera visitors. It continues to attract an international holiday clientele of clever, famous, passionately individualistic and often eccentric people. More English visitors are going to Menton again, as they did 50 years ago. St. Tropez draws the young and artistic, and during the week-end I visited it, a town official told me 70,000 holidaymakers were there. This figure did not include the occupants of some dozen or more private yachts that had put into the little harbour, their passengers gazing at the antics of *les Tropeziens*. The narrow streets of the little town—normal population 4,000—teemed with Aston-Martins, Ferraris, and M.G.s. No doubt it was because of this that two of the more internationally noted villa owners, BRIGITTE BARDOT and FRANÇOISE SAGAN, had fled.

Amid the carefree Bohemianism it is amusing to watch the stolid stubbornness of the original inhabitants. Ten years ago they sold their land for roughly two shillings a square yard. Now they bargain with the skill of Irish horse copers, and get £5 a square yard.

HOTEL EXPLOSION

The most startling revelation in my 1,500-mile journey across Southern Europe was the development and expansion I saw everywhere. The Riviera today starts in the Greek islands, and the way things are going it will soon start in the Lebanon and wind its way to Portugal. The great Florida land boom of the 1920s pales in comparison with what is happening along the Mediterranean coast today. In Majorca 40 new hotels a year have been opened in the past four years. Outside Venice the little resort of Lido di Jesolo, which I remember as a tiny town a few years ago, has in a year added 35 hotels and hostels to its official list.

There is little villa building in the old-fashioned sense, but enormous blocks of flats are rising everywhere. Being the Riviera, buildings that look fragile as a rickshaw and with rooms almost as small as being advertised as "spacious luxury flats." One of the luckier people in all this is Mr. ADRIAN DARBY, Oxford tutor and son-in-law of SIR ALEC DOUGLAS-HOME. He inherited part of the St. Raphael estate of his great-grandfather, LORD RENDEL, and has built about 25 villas on it. Unlike most developers, he has given each villa about three-quarters of an acre.

BICKER OF GIANTS

Clearly the volume of building that is going on is too great if the character of the Mediterranean coast is to be preserved. Only one big man, Mr. ARISTOTLE ONASSIS, is standing out against the cheapening of the Riviera. His Monte Carlo hotels are among the best run in the world, and the luxurious Monte Carlo beach, with its elegant green and white boxes and famous Point—also part of his empire—is the most uncrowded and comfortable on the Riviera, at a time when right-of-way to

beaches has led to bickering all along the coast.

But can even he stand out? There is a bitter feud going on between PRINCE RAINIER and Mr. Onassis. The former wants more development, more skyscrapers in postage stamp size Monaco, and this is understandable as he has a financial interest in developments, based on their size. Mr. Onassis wants development which will not overcrowd or cheapen Monte Carlo. One project he has in mind at the moment is the building of a new Summer Sporting Club on a large arc of land that has been won from the sea. As the interests of the Prince and Mr. Onassis are somewhat intertwined there has to be agreement before the major developments the Prince wants can proceed. "The Palace is getting hot-tempered and impatient, and the Prince will want an answer from Mr. Onassis before the end of the year," a man active in Monegasque affairs told me.

ISLAND HIDEAWAY

Mr. Onassis has not been seen in Monte Carlo for months. His vibrant spirit and crisp, witty conversation—he speaks a sort of vocal shorthand—are sorely missed by the international visitors, many of whom he influenced to spend their summers in Monte Carlo. Another yacht is in the berth by the lighthouse normally occupied by the *Christina*. At his office they say: "Maybe Mr. Onassis will come tomorrow, maybe next week, or he may not come until next year. We don't know."

His absence has nothing to do with the feud with the Prince—it is simply that he has fallen in love with the Greek islands. He has one of his own. He is the only inhabitant, and his the only house. There is no telephone (but then he has a reputation for not answering telephones).

There is deep water for the *Christina*, and a tiny harbour. The island, a pretty one, offers a challenge which is something he enormously enjoys. The reason it remained uninhabited for years was because it had no water. Mr. Onassis found water in a neighbouring island and had it piped a couple of miles under the sea. He has built a good road all round his domain on which he drives vehicles he brings ashore from the *Christina*. The house is modest, but he has great dreams of the one he will build there some day; and with Mr. Onassis dreams have a habit of becoming reality.

It would not come as a surprise to some of his friends if he were to sell his interests in Monaco. The name of SIR ISAAC WOLFSON, who spends every August at the Hotel de Paris in Monte Carlo, has been mentioned as a possible buyer. But it would surely go against the grain of Sir Isaac's shrewd business sense to get involved in an enterprise needing continuous consultation with a feudal prince.

BROC'S BENEFIT

The soignée festivity of Monte Carlo evenings is immense, especially on Fridays during August when gala balls take place on a raft built out into the sea at the Summer Sporting Club. They come under the general direction of M. JEAN BROC, manager of the Hotel de Paris, and people who go every year always marvel at the new and imaginative decor.

The one I went to was the climax of a sultry and soporific day on the beach. LADY DETERDING

and her daughter OLGA were there, also BARON JAMES DE ROTHSCHILD; Mr. & Mrs. OLIVER PRENN; the COMTESSE DE VIENNE; Mr. & Mrs. CARL HIRSHMAN; Mrs. PIPER HUMPHREYS; PRINCESS SCIANA COLONNA; Mr. & Mrs. JOHN S. LAING; Mrs. GWEN CAFRITZ; and the MARQUIS EMILIO PUCCI, who as well as designing those dazzling beach shirts is also very active in Italian politics.

TROPICAL THEME

At the gala on the following Friday the decor was, I heard, even more exciting than usual. The theme was "The Tropics," and exquisitely made bamboo cages round the outdoor restaurant held a variety of tropical birds with vivid plumage.

I dined at the top of the Hotel de Paris looking out on the lights of Monte Carlo which shone like rows of pearls on the mountainside. As I entered the grill room the blue ceiling divided in half and slid quietly back to reveal the sky. KING PETER & QUEEN ALEXANDRA OF YUGOSLAVIA were staying at the Hotel de Paris; also Mrs. HENRY FORD; Mrs. RUBY HAMILTON-LANG; the MAHARANEE OF BARODA; SIR HAROLD & LADY SAMUEL; and LADY SASSOON and her nephew, Mr. JIMMY BARNES, who was off to Bordeaux to study the wine trade, after which he will study hotel management in Switzerland.

FLYING WAGON

Lady Sassoon told me that she had about 45 horses in training, but is gradually cutting this number to around 25. She is one of the most accomplished car drivers I know, and parks her large station wagon, which she flies over from the States every year, as if it were a Mini.

Another evening I dined on the terrace of the Hotel Metropole, which has pillars entwined with vines, succulent food, and the best band of any hotel on the coast. The Metropole has always been a great favourite with Britons, and Mr. Albert Scheck, the general manager, told me that about 40 per cent of clients this year were British. The DUCHESS OF LEEDS was there with her stepdaughter, LADY CAMILLA OSBORNE. The Duchess had rented her beautiful villa, La Falaise, but in fact she was visiting there every day to paint a portrait commissioned by her tenant. Others who have been staying at the Metropole have included MAJOR A. C. SCOTT; Mr. VICTOR MISHCON; and SIR ERIC MIÉVILLE.

Many people had come on ocean liners and pleasure boats of all kinds. The P. & O. Line's white *Arcadia* anchored off Villefranche. Her launches were busy disgorging passengers for lunch ashore, among them SIR ROBERT SHONE; MAJOR & Mrs. BARLOW; and Mr. & Mrs. J. E. BALE.

CHANGE OF ORBIT

One of the younger generation very much missed in Monte Carlo this year was Miss WENDY FARRINGTON, the Olympic skier and former British champion, whose dives from the top board at the beach delighted old and young alike. Her parents, COL. & Mrs. REG FARRINGTON, told me that Wendy has made a successful transition from champion skier to champion dancer, and is now in the United States.

A day with the guns in Co. Durham

Guests from Bracken Bank, Lazonby, had a good day when they crossed the border to shoot over Burnhope Moors, near Kilhope, Durham. It was one of a series of

shoots organized by Mr. Richard Burton, of Bracken Bank, on a weekly and fortnightly syndicate basis, over the nearby countryside

Mr. Richard Burton, shoot organizer, receiving a bird from one of his retrievers



Mr. Cecil Horne, head of the men's outfitting firm, taking up position



Mr. J. Whitaker, who was having a holiday at Bracken Bank, waits for the grouse to rise



Mr. David Mathias awaiting the birds on the first beat

**Miss Ursula Peacock and her father,
Mr. Edward Peacock**



**Mr. K. E. Millard reloads. With him
is Mrs. Millard**



**Another husband and wife couple
enjoying the day were Mr. & Mrs.
L. Blow**



**The Hon. Lady Hill-Wood, sister of
Viscount Hampden, accompanying
Mr. Hugh Gladstone to the butts**

Three days of horsemanship at Burghley

Horse Trials were held at Burghley, Lincolnshire home of the Marquess of Exeter, for the fifth consecutive year. The event, organized by the British Horse Society, is sponsored by Bass,

Mitchell & Butlers. One day was devoted to each of the trials' three sections: dressage, show jumping and cross-country. Winner of the event was Captain Jeremy Beale on Victoria Bridge

Mr. Alan Lillingston, the Irish amateur jockey, on Mr. H. Freeman-Jackson's Mercury. This was an Irish entry



PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN

Lord Gretton, a member of the trials committee, and Mr. Richard Watson, who was an hon. veterinary surgeon of the trials



Sir Arthur Porritt, Sergeant Surgeon to the Queen, and the Marquess of Exeter, host to the trials and president of the three-day event

Children and grandchildren of the Marquess of Exeter: Lady Angela Oswald, her husband Mr. William Oswald, and Lady Gillian Floyd, with their children William Oswald, Harry Floyd and Katharine Oswald



Miss Sarah Spencer of Castle Hill, Kenilworth, owner-rider of Quality Street, during the cross-country section of the trials



Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Peter Flower

Burghley Horse Trials / continued

Mrs. D. J. Bowly and Miss Jessica Fowler, who rode Brigadier B. J. Fowler's Gold Buck. Miss Fowler is from Co. Meath



Miss C. V. Nicholl of Banbury, owner-rider of Blue Commando. She was the winner of the junior division of the Army three-day horse trials at Tidworth last year



Miss Virginia Phillips of Ballyfree House, Glenealy, Co. Wicklow, on her own entry Dooney Rock



Miss Martha Hurrell, Mrs. N. A. Coxwell-Rogers, wife of Major-Gen. Coxwell-Rogers, and Mrs. G. T. Hurrell, whose husband, Colonel Hurrell, is Lord Lieutenant of Cambridgeshire

Letter from Scotland

by Jessie Palmer

Viscountess Weir and Mrs. J. O. MacAndrew recently gave a highly successful coming-out ball for their daughters, the Hon. Janet Weir and Miss Amanda MacAndrew at Montgreenan, the Ayrshire home of Lord & Lady Weir. The house had been beautifully decorated with flowers by Lady MacMillan, wife of General Sir Gordon MacMillan. She is an expert on floral arrangements. There was a West Indian band, the Honey Huskers, and The Searchers provided the cabaret.

There were about 350 guests, including many of the season's debutantes. This is the second time the Weir and MacAndrew families have co-operated at this sort of function. Five years ago Lord & Lady Weir's third son, the Hon. George Weir, and Lord MacAndrew's daughter, Jane, had a joint coming-of-age and coming-out ball at Montgreenan.

At the recent ball the Hon. George Weir was the only member of the family not present. He is working for his D.Sc. at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

But brothers William, Douglas and James were there to wish their sister well. The next day, the Hon. William Weir and his wife had their son and heir christened at the Church of the Holy Trinity in Ayr. The baby, who is named James William Hartland, has as his godmother Mrs. Edward Hutton from New York, who brought Janet out during the last New York Christmas season. She has been staying with Lord & Lady Weir. The baby's

other godmother is Miss Cynthia Hutchins of Montreal and the godfathers are Mr. Donald Marr and Mr. Dru Montagu.

To conclude the celebrations Lord Weir had a birthday party the following Friday. No wonder he and Lady Weir were looking forward to going off to Canada for a short visit later this month. The Hon. Janet Weir is flying out to join them there at the end of the month for about 10 days.

Invitation to Hawaii

Dr. H. R. Fletcher, Regius Keeper of the Royal Botanic Garden, Edinburgh, sailed the other day for Hawaii at the invitation of the Pacific Tropical Botanical Gardens Foundation. He is the only British member of a sub-committee of three who are to advise on the site of a proposed botanic garden to be set up in Hawaii to serve the whole Pacific area. The other two members are Dr. Henry Skinner, Director of the National Arboretum in Washington, and Dr. Knowles Ryrerson, also an American botanist.

Though Dr. Fletcher modestly made light of the honour it is, in fact, a very important project. As he admits, the setting up of this garden could have very far-reaching consequences. "There is a great deal to be done in tropical horticulture, particularly for the under-developed countries," he told me. "The garden could very well be a research centre which could help to solve many of the problems of economics of life in the tropics."

The sub-committee, during their three weeks' stay in Hawaii, will examine various possible sites. Dr. Fletcher tells me that they feel the site ought to be in the region of 2,500 to 3,000 acres and that it should have a staff

of about 200. The Foundation, he says, will need to raise 75 million dollars for the setting up of the garden. "They have already raised one million," he told me. "And they'll raise the rest—you know what Americans are like."

Exhibitions galore

Art and artists have been having quite an innings during the Edinburgh Festival. There have been literally dozens of exhibitions of sculpture, paintings and crafts in the city during the past few weeks. No wonder, as Sir William MacTaggart, President of the Royal Scottish Academy, remarked to me: "We go into a sort of coma after it's over."

Sir William himself seems to be very far from going into a coma. Already he is painting briskly for the Festival exhibition of his work to be held next year. He is also working now for an exhibition in London, probably in the autumn of 1966. Recently he was made an honorary member of the Manchester Academy of Arts, so he will also be sending some of his work to their exhibition in January.

In the meantime, he and Lady MacTaggart recently opened the art exhibition of the Commonwealth Festival of the Arts in Glasgow. Glasgow is the only Scottish city to feature the festival and the art exhibition. Scotland's own contribution shows the work of the four Scottish schools of art.

One of the most broadly representative of the art exhibitions during the Edinburgh Festival was the Crestine Gallery's collection of the works of Scottish painters.

Among the younger artists, names to watch in the future are Roy McCallum, James Somerville and Ian Lawson—all, coincidentally, from Fife.

Engagements



Miss Priscilla Caroline Rickard to Mr. Francis Airey, 9/12 Lancers: *She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Tom Rickard, the Old Rectory, Rushock, near Droitwich, Worcs. He is the son of Lt. Gen. Sir Terence Airey, and of Mrs. George Summers*



Miss Stephanie Stearn Worsdell to Mr. John Martin Kirby Laing: *She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. L. V. Worsdell, of Allens Farm House, Teversham, Cambridge. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. W. K. Laing, of Sabie House, Marsh Lane, Mill Hill, N.W.7*



Miss Alexandra Robertson-Macleod to Capt. Ingleby Jefferson, Royal Anglian Regiment: *She is the daughter of Col. & Mrs. R. C. Robertson-Macleod, of Westfield House, Winchburgh, West Lothian. He is the son of Brig. & Mrs. J. Jefferson, of Gorse Hill, Godalming, Surrey*

The Chain Bridge Hotel (*right*) under the ownership of Mr. & Mrs. Charles Charlett, is approached by a long drive flanked by Victorian street lamps and set between twin reaches of the Dee and the Shropshire Union Canal. The famous Chain Bridge spans the river and monks crossed from the Valle Crucis Abbey to the old Holyhead road. Deep window seats overlook the river from the Tudor Bar in the original building, dating from the 15th century. A centrally heated extension was opened in June and, though modern, retains the traditional character. The patio-style river lounge and elegant dining room give panoramic views of the river, the stone King's Bridge and the viaduct that complement the natural waterfalls. The cuisine includes a large selection of Welsh, English and Continental dishes: Welsh Dee salmon and trout, lamb, beef and poultry from the local farms. The hotel will have a heated swimming pool and there are nearby facilities for pony trekking, golf, tennis, boating and mountain walking. The Chain Bridge lies two miles west of Llangollen where the international eisteddfods are held, with easy access to Snowdonia, the Swallow Falls at Bettws-y-Coed and the market towns of Ruthin and Bala



DETOUR ON DEESIDE

Close to the rugged majesty of Snowdonia, braced by the air from the Welsh north coast, the Dee Valley traces out a kaleidoscopic pattern of rivers, meadows and mountains. Morris Newcombe made the detour to Deeside and photographed three of the hotels that blend into this restful complex of scenery—the Chain Bridge Hotel at Llangollen, sheltered by the Berwyn and Eglwysg mountains; Ruthin Castle on the wooded slopes of the Clywd Valley; and the West Arms Hotel, nestling under the hills of the Ceiriog Valley

Ruthin Castle (*right: view continued overleaf*) was founded by Edward I in 1282 to quell the Welsh uprisings that followed the English occupation. It had a chequered and turbulent history and Parliamentarians partially demolished the castle after the capitulation to Cromwell's troops in 1646. It was restored in 1826, passing from the hands of the Myddelton family to Major Cornwallis-West. The Duff House Company purchased the castle in 1922, added an L-shaped south wing, and converted it into a hospital. Its most recent role is the more sociable one of hotel: you walk with history in its corridors, the Grand Salon and the panelled reception hall; yet there is nothing unsympathetically anachronistic about the luxurious apartments, centrally heated, with divan beds and sockets for electric razors. The timeless vista over the river Clwyd to the hills of Denbighshire beyond unites past and present, and the 12½ miles of private fishing and tennis courts occupy the visitor who has neither time nor taste for the castle's rich tapestries and fine carved fireplaces. The chef prepares his menu from extensive Continental experience for a dining room overlooking the Clwyd Valley. Ruthin Castle is 16 miles off the A5 at Llangollen and eight miles south of Denbigh on the A525





DETOUR ON DEESIDE

The West Arms (*right*) at Llanarmon-Dyfferyn-Ceiriog in Denbighshire is a grey stone hotel generously furnished with antiques, ingle-nook fireplaces and fine old beams. For the last 26 of its 400 years, the West Arms has been under the management of Mrs. Ellaline Bunney (*below, right*). She owns the hotel with her husband, Captain C. P. Bunney (*background*), a chartered accountant who retired nine years ago and now helps with the administration of the hotel. They make their own electricity but preserve the winter tradition of a blazing log fire in the entrance hall and bar lounge. Specialities of the house are Welsh lamb, brown trout from the river that runs through the village, local farm chicken, grouse and pheasant, and salmon in season, all served *table d'hôte*, "because we cater mostly for residents" say the Bunneys. Guests approach the hotel via the Horseshoe Pass: Norfolk ducklings arrive twice weekly by passenger train
Left: Ruthin Castle (see previous page)





TOO MANY PEOPLE ON THE SNOW

by Robin Fedden

To commemorate the centenary of Whymper's conquest of the Matterhorn, the Swiss with their usual enterprise have celebrated 1965 as "The Year of the Alps." It is extraordinary to reflect how the life of these same Alps has changed since Whymper's day. He would be astonished to learn that the Alpine year now means winter as much as summer, and that more skiers than climbers frequent the glaciers that were first explored in the golden age of mountaineering.

A hundred years ago the Alps were exclusively a summer playground. For decades they continued so. The members of the Alpine Club in Norfolk jackets and balaclava helmets made their epic ascents in July and August, celebrating their victories with Bouvier, a now rare and exceedingly expensive Swiss champagne. There ladies, on the Gornergrat or Belalp, executed the water-colours of summer mountains, in the manner of Mr. Ruskin, which lie entombed in countless albums.

The first faint sign of change occurred in 1866. In that year an English party, apparently to win a bet, set out to spend January in St. Moritz. Though such an idea was unheard of, the visit was a success. They enjoyed tobogganning, skating, and the brilliant sunshine that so often characterizes the high Alps in midwinter. But there was no ski-ing. One can only hope that some of the audacious party were still active enough to welcome ski-ing when they reached the Engadine 25 years later.

Ski-ing at first developed slowly. In this development, and in the later evolution of ski-racing, the British played a pioneer role. In 1893 Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, whose knowledge of the Alps is reflected in one of Holmes's most dramatic meetings with Dr. Moriarty, was perhaps the first man to undertake a long day's ski-tour in Switzerland. A ski-ing manual appeared in English in 1904, and the achievements of Mr. W. A. Moore and Sir Arnold Lunn were notable before the First World War. It does no harm to recall such things in a day when our skiers can no longer compete on equal terms with Continental racers who take to the snow almost before they cut their teeth.

By the '20s ski-ing had a dedicated following, but until 1940 it remained the passion of a small minority. Skiers were still a close community. They tended to know each other, and to be drawn from a single social class. Beginners usually learned the craft, often inadequately, from friends rather than in the efficient ski-schools that now

serve their needs. During the Second World War, when the British were occupied elsewhere, the picture changed. The Swiss took to their own mountains. Travel was impossible and the Swiss government, to fill their empty resorts and for profounder reasons unrelated to tourism, launched a national campaign for ski-ing. The slogan *Das ganze Volk auf Ski* appeared on every billboard. The people responded. When the first British skiers returned to such places as Wengen and Mürren, once Anglo-Saxon outposts, they found that a new era had begun. Popular ski-ing was under way.

Its development in the last 20 years is one of the most striking results of the diffusion of wealth, longer holidays, and greater leisure. The development is natural and was predictable. No one who has emerged from the murk of northern lowlands into the Alpine sun—which incidentally is far more reliable in winter than in summer—will be surprised. Moreover ski-ing offers an exhilaration and a challenge that are too often lacking in urban life. The altitude, the stimulating air, the sharply etched landscape, the silent white slopes, and the contrasting gaiety of mountain inns, are irresistible. Most skiers, if asked why they find them so, would probably say life in the Alps seems more exciting and more intense. Some such reasons perhaps account for the fact that whereas in the '30s skiers visiting the Alps were a few thousands, they now approach a million.

The enormous increase in the popularity of ski-ing has turned a sport into an industry. This has both advantages and drawbacks. Money and research have produced the equipment that an earlier generation would have envied: light metal alloy sticks instead of cumbrous poles; precision factory-made skis, stable, unbreakable, and with every degree of flexibility; and not least the modern safety binding that ensures ski-ing is no longer a lethal sport. Gone are the days when plaster casts on every outward bound platform in the Alps recalled the classical department of a provincial museum. Clothes have changed no less. *Duvels* now defeat the cold, spun glass insoles insulate the skier's feet, and chemists have produced a cream that stimulates circulation and even keeps fingers warm.

Such mass-produced conveniences have followed the development of ski transport. At the end of the war eyebrows were raised when Marshall Aid went to build ski-lifts. Yet it could hardly have been allocated more profitably, for it brought skiers and their money to the Alps. Since then a vast capital outlay has provided the lifts that take skiers in a matter of minutes to innumerable mountain tops. With these lifts the scope of ski-ing has dramatically changed. Whereas people once plodded uphill on sealskins, and a decade ago were content with lifts that gave a vertical drop of 2,000 feet or less, today a resort can hardly claim to be in the first rank unless it offers runs with 4,000 foot descents.

The trouble with these changes that have made ski-ing so easy, and with the relentless publicity mounted by the winter sports industry, is that there are, quite simply, too many people on the snow. Half the pleasure of ski-ing, when one has mastered the art, is to "get away". There are now many places where this is almost impossible, where a wait in a long queue is a prelude to crowds on a noisy *piste*. It is the longing to escape that has led in recent years to the desperate

remedy of airlift ski-ing. Hermann Geiger, the pioneer of Alpine flying, is the symbol of this new trend. Though still expensive, the use of aeroplanes and helicopters to whisk skiers to distant summits has become a commonplace at resorts such as Val d'Isère, Alpe d'Huez, Sestrière, Wengen, Davos, and St. Moritz. It is a memorable experience to rise, as it were on a magic carpet, from the world of people into the silence of the peaks, and in 15 minutes gain the height and distance that are the prelude to a long day's ski-run. But the ultimate prospect of a sky busy with planes and loud with the roar of engines is not pleasant. As airlift ski-ing grows generally popular, it will become a menace.

In 1965 the true solution to crowding in the Alps is more lifts. Whatever reactionaries may say, the very mechanism that has brought crowds to the snow is capable of dispersing them. This in fact is already happening. The worst is perhaps over. Few resorts are as jammed as they were 10 years ago, because there are more of them. Not only the famous centres, but numerous Alpine villages where snowfields are accessible, have acquired new transport. In some of these villages it is possible to enjoy good, if not grandiose, ski-ing on descents where the standard runs are not immediately transformed into a *piste* after each new snowfall and where in mid-week you may find only a handful of skiers. Moreover the untapped areas, ski-slopes of the future, where development must await the building of roads, are immense and almost limitless.

At the same time the malady of overcrowding has found a natural cure. Reaction against *pistes* has provoked an exodus into soft snow. More and more people, infuriated by the rat-runs of mechanized ski-ing, have taken off down untracked slopes and into silent combs. Having once strayed from beaten runs and discovered the ultimate reward of ski-ing, they rarely rejoin the crowds except under protest. The improved techniques taught by streamlined ski-schools have materially contributed to this exodus. Thus paradoxically the efficiency of the ski-ing industry has helped relieve some of the congestion on the more popular Alpine slopes.

Though no doubt Whymper would be horrified by the ant-like activity on the white winter slopes, he could take comfort in the fact that the curse of crowded ski-ing lessens every year, and that more and more people are rediscovering the Alpine solitudes that the 19th century enjoyed.



TONY EVANS



Above: Ben-Hur on ice—a horse race on the frozen lake at St. Moritz with the drivers towed behind on skis.

Above right: Curling is practised on several rinks near the hotels and draws members as both participants and spectators. *Opposite page, right:* Downhill racing on the senior slopes. *Opposite page, far right:* A rider pushes his skeleton round one of the most dangerous curves on the Cresta run. This particular curve has been responsible for a number of injuries over the years, despite precautions

Winter sports in St. Moritz need not cost a fortune. The French company, *Le Club Méditerranée*, offers a thoroughly comprehensive week's holiday at this international resort in Switzerland's Engadine for as little as £61. This includes coach and air travel from London to Paris for the *rendezvous* with the French members and special *couchette* travel by a Club train to St. Moritz. Subsequent weeks cost £36 10s. (this is also the charge for members arranging independent travel). Ski-ing equipment may be hired from the Club in Kensington High Street, London, £2 10s. a week for skis, 15s. for boots. Expert ski instruction, free and unlimited use of *télérifiques*, ski lifts and skating rinks at the resort are all included in the price; similarly baths and showers, evening entertainment and personal insurance against ski-ing accidents up to 2,000 N.F. (about £147). Accommodation is in one of two large Victorian hotels, modernized by the Club.

St. Moritz is just one of the Club's 11 winter sports villages. (The term "village" is derived from their open plan Mediterranean summer holidays.) Real beginners at St. Moritz can practise on the slopes behind the hotels; then there are the Chantarella, Corviglia and Piz Nair slopes for skiers of increasing experience. The Club is unique in having its own chalets on the more popular slopes where members can enjoy the same lunches they would have had at their hotel. Free wine is served with meals.

Photographs by Tony Evans



THE
SKI'S THE
LIMIT

THE SKI'S THE LIMIT



Left: This book of bar tickets is the only currency used on Club Méditerranée winter sports holidays. The barman tears out coupons of different value from a book you buy at the beginning of your stay. *Centre left:* The Club has its own private bus service providing regular connections with the town centre and *téléférives* to the ski runs. *Far left:* M. Guy Ameye is head of the entertainment staff who produce their own Bond-style serial, an episode an evening. M. Ameye has a British wife. *Below left:* A free pass from the Club gains you access to the town's municipal rinks and there is a skating instructor on the staff. *Below, far left:* An unlimited supply of food and as much wine, cider or mineral water as you can drink. The Greek, Sicilian and Moroccan waiters are recruited from the Club's summer "villages." *Opposite page:* The ski jump championships which are regularly held near the St. Moritz hotels





THE SKI'S THE LIMIT



Left: British two-man bob takes a steeply banked corner.
Far left: One of the Club *Mediterranée's* chalets where skiers can lunch on the slopes. Menus are the same as at the resort hotels and the food is cooked in the chalets.

Below left: Open air hockey played at night is a favourite sport with St. Moritz visitors.

Below, far left: Four-man bob team in the St. Moritz world championships.

Opposite page: The modernized Victorian hotel, *Le Roi Soleil*: It has an extensive lounge, two restaurants and two bars—one with a dance floor. This and *La Reine Victoria* are the two hotels used exclusively by the Club







GREAT ENGLISH LOOKS

Fashion by Unity Barnes

It's no news that the English have a way with tweeds and leather and sweaters and sensible shoes. What *is* new is how the look has caught on all over Europe and now comes back to us like a homing pigeon, tinged with French chic and Italian bravura, so that we see it with fresh eyes ourselves—and decide, yes, it *is* a great way to look. Photographed by John Carter at Kenwood, Hampstead

Left: Tweed and suede blended into a deep-country suit; the tweed skirt is checked in leafy shades of red, yellow and brown, the brown suede jacket is faced with the same tweed. By Ledux, 26½ gns. at Selfridges. Pringle's caramel lambswool sweater, 3½ gns. at Burberry. Thickly patterned caramel stockings by Adler, £1 15s. 6d. at Woollands. Brown soft suede ankle boots, £3 9s. 11d. at Russell & Bromley

Opposite page: Tawny curled llama coat, warm as fur and tough as can be, with a casually tied belt. By Rodex, 35 gns. at Lillywhites, London; Edinburgh; Exeter. Classic country hat banded with pheasant feathers, £4 15s. at Herbert Johnson. Checked Bri-nylon stockings, taupe and black, by Wolsey, 12s. 11d. at Woollands. Tan leather shoes, 8 gns. at Russell & Bromley





GREAT ENGLISH LOOKS

Above: Coat in earth-brown wool and mohair, deeply textured, with a squared-up front outlined by double seaming, bobbly fabric-covered buttons, 35 gns. at Arnold Couture, 22 Chiltern Street, W.1; Renée Meneely, Belfast. Caramel suede kerchief-shaped hat, 6½ gns. at Herbert Johnson

Above right: A classic, English, traditional Burberry—but look, it's in black, with a dizzy zebra-printed kid lining that buttons in for cheerful warmth, and a black poplin hat. Coat 12½ gns., lining £21, hat £3 7s. 6d. Sweater dress in camelhair, with deeply ribbed collar by John Laing, 9½ gns. at Burberry too. (Next week, Burberry's shop in Paris, now 55 years old, will stage an all-English fashion show)

Opposite page: Long-jacketed suit in soft oatmeal, grey and chestnut tweed with buttoned, military pockets; panel pleats widen the skirt in front. By Bob Schulz, £45 3s. at Woollands, where a "Focus on New Britain" exhibition from September 16th to October 9th will range from op art sheets to a new design for a telephone box. Also at Kay Darrington, Brighton; Barbara Benton, Norwich. Dents gloves in Pittard suede. Beehive hat made of coarse string, 5 gns. at Herbert Johnson







Above: Mustard suede suit with a metal-studded battle-blouse jacket, a short, striding skirt. By Paul Blanche, 27½ gns. at Harrods. The navy polo collar grows out of a little plaid-knitted wool gilet that pretends to be a sweater, 4½ gns. at Women's Home Industries. Chain-patterned Bri-nylon tights (just right for extra-short skirts) by Bear Brand, 19s. 11d. at Fenwicks in late November. Buckled suede shoes, £6 19s. 6d. at Russell & Bromley. Camel Terylene felt hat, £3 10s. at Herbert Johnson

Opposite page: Soft, nubby sweater in thick-and-thin pale blue wool has a little helmet-shaped cap, and a detachable polo collar (not shown). Sweater 10½ gns., helmet and collar 2½ gns. all from Women's Home Industries. The ginger, camel and navy checked silk and wool trousers are Daks Slinkies, 10 gns. at Simpsons. Suede boots, £3 9s. 11d. at Russell & Bromley

GREAT ENGLISH LOOKS



GREAT ENGLISH LOOKS

Left: Checked tweed suit, grey and ginger, has a little military collar hidden by the long checked-and-plain (grey) muffler. There is a grey coat, half-belted and roomy, to match (not shown). By Matita, suit 23½ gns., coat and scarf 31½ gns. at Gorrings; T. B. Dowson, Blackburn; Talents, Godalming. Brown knitted chenille beret, 3 gns. at Herbert Johnson

Opposite page: Wrap-around coat in caramel and white checked wool and mohair, reversing completely to warm, white curly wool; checked skirt to match. Caramel ribbed wool sweater with big polo collar. Coat 35 gns., skirt 8½ gns., sweater 7½ gns. All at Wetherall, Regent Street and New Bond Street; Beatties, Wolverhampton. Lacy, cream Bri-nylon stockings by Wolsey, 12s. 11d. at D. H. Evans. Husky shoes in tan leather, crepe soled, 8 gns. at Russell & Bromley



on plays

John Salt / *Old Harry with Herod*

The Herod about whom Albert Bermel wrote in his short-lived play *The Overdog*, at the Saville, is the Herod who built towers and temples and cities, who fought the Parthians on behalf of Rome, who bribed the Caesars and flirted with Cleopatra while retaining the friendship of Mark Antony, who took to himself 10 wives, who lived on into a state of abominable decay, and who indulged in the course of a long and misspent life a marked propensity for killing off his in-laws. History dubbed him Herod The Great because that is how history sees these things.

Not that history is inexact, for Herod was a great king in the sense that England's eighth Harry was great, or Russia's Peter or Prussia's Frederick. All were powerful men of the warrior breed, unsoftened by scruple and guided by brain. Such men tread the labyrinthine and minatory corridors of power with a sure step, opposing force with force where force will bring a certain gain, but more often deploying the wiles of subtle intellect, backed where need be by heaped and overflowing cedar chests aglow with new-minted talents of unadulterated gold.

Such a man was Herod and how easy it would seem to make him the central pivot of a rounded play. A play, perhaps, with a beginning, a middle and an end, since history has thoughtfully provided all three; it would have to be in the modern idiom, of course, with a deal of flippancy, some cynicism, and an occasional shocking display of naked power.

There should also be certain subliminal lines to persuade the audience that these old Jewish shades are, after all, people very much like ourselves and that their kingdom, hedged about by warlike Parthia and calculating Rome, is in similar plight to the public company whose shares go dipping and soaring in intelligent anticipation of a take-over bid.

Well, Mr. Bermel wrote the play, and he it said that he succeeded admirably in providing the ingredients listed above. Yet something was lacking. One had the idea quite often that Mr. Bermel was about to say something profound. The moment arrived, lingered, and was lost in a too easy laugh at the music hall High Priest and

light comedy Mark Antony of Mr. Clive Dunn or the mother-in-law figure presented by Miss Margot Boyd's Alexandra.

What remained beside? Well there was Miss Betty Marsden in the twin roles of Cleopatra and of Salome—not the one with the seven veils, more's the pity. The two parts were quite diverse though both enshrined the dedicated drive of a determined woman. Of the two I prefer in retrospect Miss Marsden's Cleopatra, if only for the play she made with a curtained litter in an oasis near Jericho.

Miss Catherine Woodville was a luscious Mariamne, Marks I and II—she also played a dual role—and there was Herod himself. No Herod, no play, and in Mr. Derek Godfrey's *King* the author was well served. From his opening speech to the citizens of Jerusalem from the steps of the Temple—plain straightforward coercion this—he captured both interest and sympathy. As a father he was something of a failure but kings are not alone in that respect. Moreover Herod's sons were a sorry lot and, had their august father lived, such vulgarities as the treatment of the Baptist might well have been avoided.

But don't admire Herod except as a father of his country who minded little how many of his other children he slew. Still this was black comedy, not history (the terms, I admit, are often interchangeable) and what happened to Herod in this play was no more than has been meted out to other kings and politicians in other plays and was perhaps no more than his due. I think particularly here of the late Charles Laughton's picture of Henry VIII at the banqueting table, apostrophizing the decay of modern Tudor society while tearing a larded capon to pieces with teeth and fingers and scattering the refuse around him on the floor. "No manners," he belches, "no consideration for others!" The kings were cousins over the centuries—kings always are—both married many wives, both chopped off many heads, both founded kingdoms, and, while they lived, they were those kingdoms.

One can read too much into a play; by the same token one can miss everything. It was worth a visit to the Saville to decide and to savour Mr. Osbert Lancaster's settings.

on films

Elsbeth Grant / *Belle of the beatniks*

There are any number of irritating things about Elizabeth Taylor in *The Sandpiper* (A), a fairly trying film in which she plays a non-conforming artist with a nine-year-old illegitimate son (Morgan Mason) to prove how little she cares for middle class morality and all that rot. For a start, there's all that untrammelled hair hanging messily about her face, getting into her carefully made-up eyes and brushing against the canvas as she paints. Then there's all that untrammelled bosom over which, when caught in the nude, she clasps an inadequate pair of hands.

It's O.K. by me if the artist wishes to defy convention, but she needn't be so darned solemn about it—and, anyway, she's inconsistent in her defiance: the moment she's called on to mingle in society, Miss Taylor dolls herself up like one of its completely conventional members—becomes a model of simple elegance in pale summer silks and irreproachable hats. Pshaw! Why didn't she stick to the sloppy old sweater she wears in her seashore shack, or the voluminous poncho that makes her the belle of beatnik balls?

Having got that off my chest, I'd better admit that the film has nothing to do with Miss Taylor's outward appearance: it's to do with her inward innocence—the innocence that enables her to go to bed with a married man and feel "clean, content and blameless." Well, goody for her. Unfortunately the man in question is an Episcopalian minister—headmaster, incidentally, of the school to which Miss Taylor's son has been sent on the orders of the local authorities—and as he is played by Richard Burton, who (see *Becket* and *The Night of the Iguana*) knows more about the conscience of a priest than most actors, you'll realize you are in for a powerful session of soul searching.

Mr. Burton, giving by far the most credible, human performance, though forced to utter lines like: "Lord, grant me some small remembrance of honour," does not subscribe to Miss Taylor's free-thinking principles but admires the tenacity with which she adheres to them: beside her, he is a shabby fellow who has betrayed his cloth, his wife (Eva Marie Saint) and—by allowing him-

self to degenerate into a pliant tool in the hands of his income tax dodging board of school governors—the pure idealism of his youth.

Seeing the light at last, stirred to the sort of remorse that is going to make everybody else suffer as much as he does, Mr. Burton tells Miss Saint how his love for Miss Taylor has made him realize he must, alone, find out what sort of man he is. Miss Saint looks as sympathetic as a skull—I daresay most wives who've tried to help a husband in his career and borne him two sons would, too. She bids him a frigid goodbye and off he goes to places unspecified in search of himself—pausing only, on a Californian cliff top, to look yearningly at his enviably guilt-free mistress who's painting away at her easel on the beach below.

Miss Taylor glances up at him without rancour. He's the only man she's ever loved (the one who fathered her child she merely tolerated as a means of going to art school) but, according to her code, like the little sandpiper whose wing she has mended, he must be allowed to fly away as soon as he feels strong enough. She's naturally sad at his departure—but she's brave: and, furthermore, since she can now bring herself to paint people as well as sea birds, she's in the money.

The screenplay, by Dalton Trumbo and Michael Wilson, is curiously dated—the "beat" bits don't compensate for the basic banality—and it says much for Miss Taylor's technique and Mr. Burton's sincerity that they cope so successfully with the dialogue they've been given. Miss Taylor, right enough, is most endearing when, at the end of a particularly pretentious outburst against the evils of society, she suddenly says: "I sounded pretty phoney there, for a moment" (which seems like a spontaneous comment shrewdly left in by the director, Vincente Minnelli)—but Mr. Burton's forlorn wrestlings with a guilt complex are throughout appealing and his farewell to his pupils and his congregation is so beautifully delivered that it's genuinely (for the moment) moving. The wild scenery, in Panavision and Metrocolour, is, without conditions, quite lovely.

The trouble with most rich Italian wives—as demonstrated by every Antonioni heroine I can think of, off-hand—is that time hangs so heavily upon their elegant, idle paws. If only they had to run up a ravioli or run down the laundry list every now and again, they probably wouldn't be so bored and fretful and eager to commit adultery.

In *The Naked Hours* (X) a film directed by Marco Vicario, who has the same sort of ideas

as but is streets behind the Maestro, Antonioni, in camera subtleties—Rossana Podesta, after five years of “sophisticated marriage” to Philippe Leroy, meets a young student, Keir Dullea, who's selling books to pay for his vacation. One day spent in his company—exploring a deserted village, climbing a bell-tower, making love—persuades the dear, impulsive girl that she must now choose between the penniless youth and the husband who

keeps her in the luxury to which she has grown accustomed and peevishly resigned.

Apparently to compare the two men before making her decision, Miss Podesta next morning takes her mystified husband to the beach where she is to meet Mr. Dullea. A sheet-shrouded corpse lying on the sand gives Miss Podesta a shuddery feeling that Fate has made the decision for her—and Fate has: or possibly it was the scriptwriter who arranged for

Mr. Dullea to be found drowned. Instant understanding develops in Mr. Leroy: lovingly he leads his weeping wife home. The dialogue (dubbed) is dire.

Bungala Boys (U), an Australian exhibit at the Commonwealth Film Festival, may (as I think was intended) encourage Australian youths to join surfing and life saving clubs, but it gives the unfortunate impression that they're a pugnacious, downright *ornery* lot. Too bad.

on books

Oliver Warner / Outdoor exercises

Would you credit that there were still some 10,000 true-blue Romany-speaking nomads in this country, yet none to speak of in Ireland, where they still so value the horse and the timeless existence? I gather these facts from a charming work, Charles Duff's **A Mysterious People: an Introduction to the Gypsies of all Countries** (Hamish Hamilton 21s.). This is full of information, conveyed with a light hand, about the wanderers who, so it seems, came originally from India. I am glad we are easier on the gypsies than the French, for with all their shortcomings

the travelling people have much to teach the ultra-urbanised man and woman.

Leo Walmsley's **Angler's Moon** (Hamish Hamilton 25s.) should have an assured welcome from those who know his other books about the life of the fisherfolk, notably the novel *Three Fevers*. Walmsley now lives at Fowey, not as once in Yorkshire, but in his reminiscences he harks back to his earliest youth, and he is as salty and vivid as ever. There is a good deal of material included about the people of his novels, and never a dull moment for those to whom the

sea is a calling, an attraction, and a source of wonder.

I cannot turn shorewards without mentioning that there is a new Hornblower reprint omnibus just out. **Captain Hornblower, R.N.** by C. S. Forester (Michael Joseph 25s.) includes *Hornblower* and *the Hotspur*, *The Happy Return* and *A Ship of the Line*, which are from the hero's middle period in Nelson's Navy.

Charles Roetter's **The Diplomatic Art** (Sidgwick & Jackson 25s.) is a lighthearted book on what can be a solemn subject. “Keep a good table and look after the ladies” was Napoleon's advice to one of his ambassadors, and there is still something in it. The trouble with the diplomatic people is that they too often keep inside their own compounds. Roetter goes into some of the difficulties of the life, and writes with such sense—especially about the Russians—that I for one would have welcomed an index.

Ann Bridge's **Emergency in the Pyrenees** (Chatto & Windus 21s.) is a long and solidly structured novel in which some of the characters in her earlier narratives reappear, for instance Miss Probyn, now married to Philip Jamieson, who may know much of other subjects, but has lots to learn

about expectant mothers in difficult places. I detect no decline in power in this popular writer, and the fact that she held me fast in north Spain for many wondering hours is the best tribute I can pay to good narrative, good sense, and above all perhaps, good manners. I find the manners of the best of the young as delightful as ever—so does Ann Bridge.

Fathers in Law by Henry Cecil (Michael Joseph 18s.) is rather more serious than some of the author's tales, and it concerns some of the unexpected perils involved in adopting a child. Personally, I think it comes off, and it is certainly none the worse for tracing an intricate matter without pomposity of any sort. Although not altogether a romp it is never near stuffiness, and a solution is put forward which will please at least someone.

Anyone sensible enough to grow shrubs, and lucky enough to have ground which suits them, will find profit in two books by Edward Hyams, of *The Illustrated London News*, which have just appeared. The titles are: **Ornamental Shrubs for Temperate Zone Gardens: Vol. I, March and April Flowering; Vol. 2, May Flower-**

continued on page 560



DOUGLAS JEFFERY



The Overdog recently at the Saville was the story of the life of a provincial ruler under the eye of Roman government. Above: Derek Godfrey as Herod the Great. Left: Catherine Woodville as Mariamne and Clive Dunn as the High Priest. (Reviewed on page 558)

ing: (Macdonald 25s. each). Some marks for the colour illustrations, and the text is very good, clear, authoritative, with just the right information. How I agree about the ever-green rhododendron *arboreum* which as Hyams says is "one of the noblest plants it is possible to grow in Britain." There is, or was in Cornwall just after the war, a specimen said to be 70 feet tall, the flowers a deep blood red and borne in great profusion.

Briefly... The B.B.C. lately ran a highly successful French

course, with appropriate texts. Beginning on 26 September, ATV is doing likewise, and the first paper-back covering the venture is now available. This is *Les Trois Coups* (University of London Press 4s. 6d.). Good luck to it... I make no apology whatever for putting Robert Graves's *Collected Poems* (Cassell 42s.) last on my list, for if one is not going to give over the entire column to such eminence, it is enough to say to the countless admirers of his work that the book is published.



Elaine Fifield is one of the principal dancers of the Australian Ballet, now taking part in the Commonwealth Arts Festival. It opens at Liverpool tomorrow, and after visiting Glasgow comes to Covent Garden on 1 and 2 October. Below: After four years, American singer-pianist Frances Faye is making a return visit in cabaret at The Talk Of The Town



on galleries

Robert Wraight / Exciting times ahead

I could write this week about the South African, Cecil Skotnes, whose unique carved-wood panels are on show at the Grosvenor Gallery, or about the Australian, William Dobell, whose first one-man show is, rather belatedly, at the Qantas Gallery. And then there are all those exhibitions connected with the Commonwealth Arts Festival that ought to be written about. But this is the last-but-one column I shall write for the TATLER and I want to use it to look ahead, to draw your attention to some of the exciting shows that I shall not be reviewing.

First must come the Max Beckmann exhibition at the Tate Gallery from 2 October to 7 November. This big retrospective show, which has been assembled by the Museum of Modern Art, New York, will be an eye-opener to most visitors, few of whom are likely to be really well acquainted with the work of this tremendously powerful German painter—one of Hitler's "degenerate artists"—who died, an emigré, in America in 1950. Best described, I suppose, as a fantastic-realist, he is widely held to be the most vital German artist of the between-wars period. The nightmarish quality and violence of the pictures he painted in the years immediately after World War I still retain the power to shock.

Beckmann will be followed at the Tate, in November, by William Roberts, one of the founder members, more than 50 years ago, of the Vorticist Movement. A Roberts retrospective exhibition is long overdue, but at least it has come while the artist, the last surviving founder-Vorticist, is still with us (and only 70). In 1956, when the Tate held its Wyndham Lewis exhibition, Roberts launched a fiery attack upon Lewis, Sir John Rothenstein (then Director of the Tate), Michael Ayrton and others. In a series of blistering pamphlets he railed against the "apotheosis of Wyndham Lewis" and showed justifiable fury at Lewis's claim to be "the only Vorticist." If the coming exhibition is as stimulating as those pamphlets, it will certainly be worth your attention.

From 8 October to 14 November the impressive Corot exhibition, that was part of the Edinburgh Festival, will be on view at the National Gallery in

London. The 150 paintings, drawings and prints, among them many masterpieces and some failures, make possible a truer assessment of Corot's genius than has been available through any exhibition previously seen here. Throughout October the Whitechapel Gallery will be showing paintings and collages by Lee Krasner, the widow of Jackson Pollock. What little I have seen of her work was all done before Pollock's death in 1956 and was closely related to his work of the early 1950s or earlier. It will be interesting to see in what way she has developed since she has been on her own.

Among the October offerings in the commercial galleries the one I anticipate with most pleasure is the Leicester Gallery's exhibition of new paintings, drawings and lithographs by Russell Drysdale. In 1955 Drysdale represented Australia at the Venice Biennale together with Sidney Nolan and William Dobell. Since then his work has become increasingly rich in feeling expressed through colour, design and symbolism, until he is now, to my mind, undoubtedly the best of the Australian painters.

I am looking forward, also to the show, at the Madde Galleries, of paintings by the minor Impressionist painter Pierre Prins. This very attractive artist died as long ago as 1913 but an embargo on the showing of his work, in accordance with his deathbed wish, kept the bulk of it hidden from public view for 30 years. Prins was a close friend of Manet (who painted the future Madame Prins, with Berthe Morisot, in his famous *The Balcony*).

There is space here to mention only one more of the dealers' shows, and in choosing David Leverett's exhibition, at the Redfern Gallery from 5 to 31 October, I am acting on the flimsiest (but for me, most compelling) of reasons. Reviewing the Royal Academy Schools' exhibition of 1962 I singled out the work of Leverett for special praise. Shortly afterwards I received a letter from a reader expressing heartfelt thanks. He had, he said, bought a Leverett painting, with the result that his wife threatened to leave him. But, when he had been able to show her what I had written about the young artist, she had been reconciled with him and the picture.

on records

Spike Hughes / Patience rewarded

Though it never feels like it, in fact if you wait long enough for records to appear you get more or less what you want in the end. It is getting on for nine years now since we last had a **The Barber of Seville** recording with a mezzo-soprano Rosina. The last four versions have all had a soprano in the part, which is common practice—often quite pretty, but not what the composer intended. The new Decca issue (three records, mono and stereo) has Teresa Berganza as Rosina and so ensures not only that the part is sung by the right voice but by the right singer. Miss Berganza is quite enchanting, with a wonderfully rich velvety voice that is as clear as a bell and safe as houses in the coloratura. Furthermore, from time to time she restores some of the grace notes that were traditional and expected in the vocal music of Rossini's time and which a charmless habit started in Germany has denied us for the past 50 years.

The new *Barber*, conducted by Silvio Varviso, is a lively affair; Nicolai Ghiaurov's magnificently resonant bass voice is a bit noisy for my taste as Don Basilio, but Manuel Ausensi, a Spaniard like the Rosina, is an elegant and spirited Figaro with the wit to laugh at the high G in "Largo al factotum"—literally—instead of singing it; a most ingeniously evasive tactic. Ugo Benelli, who sang the Prince so well in the Decca *Cenerentola*, sings the Count's florid music with great charm, humour and confidence, and with a reassuring quota of grace notes. Thanks to the presence of Miss Berganza in the recording the Lesson Scene is performed as Rossini wrote it and the Count is able to join in, instead of having to stand around aimlessly while Rosina sings. "Lo! hear the gentle lark" or worse.

I don't know that it is the first-ever recording of the music but what is certainly the most unusual Rossini record for many years has been issued by Saga (mono only) and consists of four of the six **Wind Quartets** written by the composer as a teenage student. It is an extremely entertaining collection of pieces, much of it understandably derivative (Mozart and Haydn are the obvious models), but full of characteristic exuberance and charm that make it one of the most attractive records of the

year. Flute, clarinet, bassoon and horn are played by members of the New York Woodwind Quintet (oboist: absent, hurt?).

The longest waits in the record business these days are not for mezzo-soprano Rosinas but for the release of hitherto unissued performances by Toscanini dating from the 1940s. After 21 years of thinking about it, RCA have put out a recording of the Beethoven **Fourth Piano Concerto in G Major** (mono only) played at a broadcast in 1944 by Rudolf Serkin and conducted by Toscanini. We have grown so used to concertos being merely "accompanied" by conductors (how often do you see the conductor mentioned in a critic's notice of a concerto?) that we have almost forgotten how important Beethoven considered the orchestra's function to be. The partnership of Serkin and Toscanini produced a wonderfully stimulating performance, full of fascinating detail and lovely singing phrases in the orchestra, and all riding on the irresistible, crackling rhythm that was Toscanini's peculiar hallmark.

Schubert's great **String Quintet in C Major** plays for longer than it sounds, with the result that it is usually given a whole record to itself, a fill-up not being considered necessary. The new Decca recording (mono and stereo) by the Vienna Philharmonic Quartet plus one, does things differently and includes a little one-movement **String Trio in B Flat** (Vienna Philharmonic Quartet minus one) as a bonus. The Quintet is as much of a miracle in its way as the "Great" C Major Symphony; it is an endless succession of tunes, with a heart-rending slow movement, and a splendidly vigorous scherzo which the Viennese players revel in. (The Vienna Philharmonic have always formed excellent quartets from the principals of their string sections. Why don't our own orchestras do the same? No incentive or opportunity?)

The movement for String Trio was written by Schubert at about the same age as Rossini wrote his Wind Quartets. Schubert was five years younger than Rossini but he came under the same influences, and the String Trio is very much a Schubert's-eye view of Mozart—derivative, that is, but already full of unmistakably individual touches.



This I like!



Drambuie

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD'S LIQUEUR



THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN

Good Looks by Evelyn Forbes

The Babe

Hair: wash weekly with mild shampoo (Johnson's), curl round fingers while damp from bath. Prevent skin from roughening by rubbing in a gentle cream. Keep ears flat and close to head. Supporting boots are best for first steps. See that both shoes and socks are sufficiently roomy.

The Girl (*sub-teens*)

Children reach puberty earlier now. As soon as a child's figure develops, have her fitted for a bra. Berlei specializes in sub-teenage bras. Teach her how to (a) brush her hair—head bent, brushing from hair lines. Give her a good hair brush (Mason Pearson) and a blunt-toothed comb. (b) Show her how to wash her hair: two lathers of good shampoo (Breck, according to hair type), lots of rinsing. (c) Show her how to wash her face. Do not give her sponge or flannel. Make her use her hands with massage-like movements with good soap. Tell her to rinse thoroughly and pat the face dry. If water is hard, soften with sachet of fine oatmeal or pinch of borax.

The Girl (*the teens*)

As soon as she shows interest in make-up, treat her to a make-up lesson (Yardley Salon, the Beauty Clinic, Elizabeth Arden). If spots are a problem, watch her diet and cut out fried foods, sweets, puddings, rich sauces, chocolate, cocoa, pork, sausages and bacon. Include in her diet plenty of lightly cooked green vegetables, salads, yeast drinks and fresh fruit. Good anti-spot preparations are Elizabeth Arden's Ardena Complexion Clear (Special Cleansing Cream) and Velva Smooth Lotion; Innoxa's Solution 41; Clearasil; Rose Laird's Young Skin Protective Make-up Film; Dr. Harnik's Shaking Lotion.

Twenties

Check up on posture now. It can make or mar the looks. Get a candid friend's assessment. Aim to stand, sit and walk tall. Lessons from the Alexander Foundation, for example, pay big dividends. Check your regular skin care routine too—the cleanse, nourish, tone and protect formula, adopted now, will ensure a smooth and lovely skin for the next three decades.

Thirties

By this time you know whether you belong to the lean or fat kind. Now is the moment of decision. If in the former category, start now to follow a régime which will guard your curves, prevent unattractive leanness. Plan easily digested meals—frequent rather than large—and choose foods rich in Vitamin B, low in roughage. Get the habit of frequent milky drinks and learn to like honey, well-cooked young vegetables, ripe bananas, baked potatoes and stewed dried fruits. If, on the other hand, you put on weight all too easily, begin to count calories, pick high protein menus, shun sugar and starchy foods. Have a nothing-but-fruit-juice day once a week, preferably on a day when you can take things easily.

Forties

This is the time when the hair begins to lose colour. To go grey or not is a matter of temperament. Grey hair can look beautiful with the help of rinse or colour shampoo such as Come Alive Grey or Silk and Silver. Alternatively, if grey hair depresses you and makes you feel old, there are shampoo tints which look marvellous and last from 4-6 weeks. Makes to try are Color-Glo, Loving Care, Belle Color and Salon Color. Other

alternatives well worth investigating are Formula 16 and Restoria. These sulphur tonics bring back the hair's original colour gradually but efficiently, but must be used at regular intervals to keep the hair colourful.

Fifties and over

About now comes the time for a revaluation of hairstyle and make-up. Too many over-fifties have retained the hairstyle and make-up which is no longer perfect. Go to a reliable hair stylist for a new hair-do and give yourself time to get accustomed to it before deciding that it is not "you." This is usually a matter of two weeks. You should also visit a visagiste, for example, Gordon Kaye of Charles of the Ritz at Vidal Sassoon, for a new angle on your looks. He will probably advise more strongly emphasized eyebrows, a lighter and moisturized foundation, a low-keyed eye make-up and a not too vibrant lipstick. Try the brownish-pinks—they are very becoming shades for the not-so-young: Charles of the Ritz Copper Rose, for instance. Other makes are Gala's Smoky Pink, Max Factor's Natural Honey, Lenthéric's Jamaica Rum and Revlon Tawny Pink.

BEAUTY FLASH

Lovers of animals will be glad to know of the boutique at 49 Upper Montagu Street recently opened by Beauty Without Cruelty Ltd. There is a show of attractive simulated furs and an excellent range of beauty preparations which contain no animal fats or perfumes made with animal fixatives. Among them is a particularly good cleansing cream called Flowers of Lilac, price 10s. 6d. and an Eau de Roses skin tonic which smells delightfully fragrant. It costs 7s. 6d.

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MOTORING

THE VAUXHALL VIVA "SL"



SWAYNE/GAMMA

The V sign was never more truly given from the great factory that dominates the town of Luton than when Vauxhall introduced their Viva a couple of years ago. It is a down-to-earth, no-nonsense small car, low in first cost and running cost; a full four-seater with really good luggage accommodation in spite of being only a little over 13 feet long and half-an-inch under five feet wide. Like all new models it had its teething troubles, but they were little ones, and mainly confined to things that only the more hardened critics would notice, like a certain amount of "bounciness" in the suspension and low gearing to the steering. Mechanically it was a sound, straightforward job from stern to stern, with no particular frills and gadgets but as lively as its name implied.

Now that I have tried the latest production, the Viva "SL" (standing for super luxury), I can report that it is about the pleasantest small car I have ever handled. Its light steering, gear change, clutch and brakes make it a genuine pleasure to drive, and the SL part of this newest version gives it a smarter appearance and greater interior com-

fort. It is immediately identifiable by the contrasting colour "flash" along the sides of the body, and there are one or two other distinguishing features like the nameplate on the bonnet and the polished aluminium grille at the front. The wheels have embellishers and the tail light arrangement differs from the other models.

Inside, one finds that both front seats are adjustable—highly desirable on all cars—and both the upholstery and the seating itself are to a much higher standard of quality. The fascia panel is finished in matt silver and the instruments look a lot better with their silvered dials and black figures. These may seem minor points, but it is just this sort of thing that makes an owner proud of his car, anxious to handle it well and safely.

Naturally, one has to pay a bit more for these refinements; the SL costs (with tax) £620 against the £579 of the Viva deluxe, or the £528 of the regular model, on which both heater and screen washer are extras. And on all models, if one would like disc brakes on the front wheels, they cost a total of £15 extra. Personally, on a car of the character of the Viva, I am

not convinced that the disc type of brake has anything special to offer—unless one is going to have to descend mountain passes frequently. Then, the resistance of the disc brake to fading after prolonged usage does give it the edge over the internal expanding, or drum, type. To conjure up magical properties for disc brakes, however, on cars of moderate capabilities—and to affix a plate to the back of one's car advertising "discs" as if to say "beware"—is faintly ridiculous. Nevertheless, they are on their way in, just as front wheel brakes were 40 years ago.

To me the most delightful feature of this Viva was the gear-lever, which was so admirably placed and easy to work that gear-changing became a pleasure to be indulged on the slightest provocation. What a difference that makes to the handling of a small-engined car—a snick from top to third, or third to second, with the engine always ready to give of its best. With a capacity of only one litre there can never be a surplus of torque, or low speed pulling power, to accelerate the 15½-hundredweight car plus its load of passengers unless the gear ratio is low enough to give

the engine its fullest chance of revving (maximum torque is, I note from the maker's handbook, developed at 2,800 r.p.m.). When pressed to its limit of about 5,000 r.p.m., the engine is pulling the car on top gear at just about 75 m.p.h., and on third gear at rather more than 50 m.p.h.

All the gears have synchro-mesh, which makes changing right down to bottom a simple task, though of course this should not be attempted when the car is travelling at more than about 8-10 m.p.h. The engine asks for premium grade fuel (but there is no need for the more expensive 100 octane), and on this will cover about 36 miles to the gallon under touring conditions; the 7-gallon tank therefore gives a range of around 250 miles as a regular thing.

One further item I must mention about this SL Viva is its quietness of running in comparison with the other models, which I thought were on the noisy side when I tried them last year. The improvement has been achieved by putting thick felt padding and similar soundproofing material at critical places in and around the body.

DINING IN

Helen Burke / Perfection with partridges

Partridges, the meatiest of little birds, and in season since the beginning of this month, are said to be at their best in October. At the moment a plainly roasted partridge is perfect. Unlike grouse, whose flesh should have the degree of pinkness called for by individual tastes, partridges should be just cooked.

Allow one bird a person. Season it inside and out with salt and pepper and place a good lump of butter inside. Tie a thin slice of back pork fat around the breast. Place the birds on a rack in the baking tin, then add an ounce of butter and a tablespoon of vegetable oil to the tin itself. Cook for 20 to 25 minutes at 425 degrees Fahr., or gas mark 7; remove the fat during the last 10 minutes and baste the birds.

If you possess a spit, cook the partridges on it at the position indicated by the manufacturers. I use a Cannon spit, adjusting it so that the birds are close to the electric elements to begin with and then lower the heat to finish off the cooking. I find that there is no need to tie fat on the birds because the spit revolves so that the heat is distributed over them. But they still need a good piece of butter inside as well as additional butter in the drip pan with which to baste them. Here again, 20 to 25 minutes' cooking time is enough.

With partridges serve bread sauce, well flavoured with mace or grated nutmeg and a slice of shallot (removed before serving), and good paper-thin potato crisps, which can be bought.

Escoffier's *PERDREAU A LA LAUTREC* is plainly grilled partridges with mushrooms. Again allow one partridge a person. Cut it through the back with poultry shears and "bat" it to flatten it. (The poulterer will do this for you.) Run a metal skewer through each bird, season it on both sides with salt and pepper and coat it with butter.

Grill the side you have cut first, then the other one, allowing up to eight minutes each side. Grill also 6 mushroom caps for each bird. Transfer the birds to a heated serving-dish, arrange the mushrooms on each side and garnish each with a coffee spoon of *maitre d'hôtel*

butter. In Escoffier's recipe, a thin thread of melted meat glaze is used to surround the mushrooms, but this glaze takes time to prepare and I think it can be dispensed with without affecting the quality of the dish.

In Normandy, in one of the most famous restaurants in Rouen, I once enjoyed *PARTRIDGES BRAISED WITH CABBAGE*. The cabbage, however, was over-long cooked, so this dish is not one for those with weak digestions. The short, quick method of cooking cabbage which the Ministry of Food urged us to adopt is by far the most digestible. But here is the Norman way.

For four servings, two older partridges will probably be ample.

First, prepare the cabbage. Cut a 2-pound one into four and remove the core, outer leaves and hardish ribs. Drop the cabbage into boiling water and give it a good boil for 5 to 6 minutes. Drain. Place in a colander under the tap and let cold water run through it for several minutes. Drain and dry the cabbage.

Meanwhile, season the partridges inside and out with salt and pepper and quickly brown them in butter and a little oil, taking care to leave them underdone.

Place half the cabbage in a casserole. Add a quartered slice of streaky bacon, a small onion with half a clove of garlic stuck in it, a quartered carrot, a tiny pinch of grated nutmeg, and salt and pepper to taste. Place the birds, breasts down, in this and cover with the remaining cabbage. Add a small *bouquet garni*, and then onion and quartered carrot, and another slice of bacon cut in four pieces. Trickle a cup of chicken stock over the whole of the dish.

Cover tightly and cook for 2½ to 3 hours at 300 to 325 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 2 to 3.

Remove the partridges and cut each in two.

Make a bed of the cabbage and vegetables on a heated shallow entrée dish. Place the halved partridges on top and garnish them with the pieces of bacon. Serve with plainly boiled potatoes that have been turned in a little butter and sprinkled with chopped parsley, dill or tarragon.

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Bradley—Mackay: Gillian, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. N. P. O. Bradley, of Lobden, Colwall, Gt. Malvern, Worcs, married Stuart, son of the late Mr. R. W. S. Mackay, and of Mrs. Mackay, of Hall Green, Birmingham, at St. James's Church, Colwall



NORMAN MAY



Comonte—Leigh-Wood: Deborah Claire Willoughby Austell, eldest daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Dudley A. Comonte of Stonepitts Manor, Seal, Chart, Kent, was married to James, eldest son of Mr. & Mrs. Roger Leigh-Wood of Gaston Grange, Alton, Hampshire, at St. Peter's, Igham, Kent



Miss Frances Barbara Molyneux Favell to Mr. John Michael Middlecott Banham: She is the eldest daughter of Commander & Mrs. R. M. Favell of Penberth, St. Buryan, Cornwall. He is the elder son of Mr. & Mrs. T. M. Banham of Ponsmaen, St. Feock, Cornwall



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